

JACK DE SAULLES' CAPTURE OF CHILI'S RICHEST BEAUTY



NEW YORK.—This is the story of how an American boy with naught to aid him but Yankee pluck and Yankee determination went to faraway Chili, wooed and won away from a horde of Chilean suitors the prettiest and richest Chilean heiress, and a few days ago brought his bride back to the Hotel Plaza, right here in New York, as related by the Sunday World.

John Lorget de Saulles is his right name, but Jack de Saulles he has been since the day, ten years ago, he tore down the field with half the Princeton team at his shoulder and fighting them off, one by one, planted the ball back of the goal-posts for a touchdown for Yale.

Star quarterback at Yale, chosen as the quarterback on the all-American team, and crackerjack baseball player, Jack de Saulles was the idol of his college and of thousands of youngsters a decade ago. And the qualities that made him a gridiron hero won him his bride.

A little over a year ago business interests made it necessary for him to go to Chili.

To Jack de Saulles Chili had never meant more than a pink strip on the map of South America, but when he found himself there as an engineer he threw himself into his work with all the enthusiasm he used to show on the gridiron.

His personality won him entry into the homes of culture in Chili, and the doors of the clubs swung wide to him.

Dawning of Romance. It was during the summer season in Chili some friends of De Saulles suggested one day that he accompany them to Vina del Mar, a suburb of Valparaiso, and by far the most fashionable place in all Chili. The beach on the seashore at Vina del Mar was thronged with the wealth and beauty of Chili the day the party of young men from Santiago arrived.

There were the representatives of the Chilean government, the ranking officers of the Chilean army, the richest youths and the richest ladies of Chili, and the most beautiful. As was the fashion for all the young men, the visitors went to the bathing casino and were soon taking the rollers from the Pacific with all the zest of youth.

Inevitably a race was proposed. Do not imagine that because the young American won it was an easy victory. The young Chileans were no mean athletes themselves, even though they had never been the hero at Yale. Swim they could and swim well, too. They pushed their guest to his utmost and his victory was by inches and no more.

But his efforts were amply rewarded. All along the beach, reclining in easy chairs beneath comfortable shades and gayly colored parasols,

were some of the prettiest girls in Chili. Among them Senorita Blanca Erazuriz, daughter of Senor Blanca Erazuriz-Vergara, by far the richest woman in all Chili.

Senorita Attracted. When the swimmers crawled out of the water and lay on the beach to rest, if there was one who applauded the winner a bit more enthusiastically perhaps than any of the others, it was the Senorita Blanca Erazuriz.

And then she insisted that the handsome young American be presented to her.

Now, it is not considered at all proper in Chili for young ladies to be formally presented to young men—and particularly handsome young men who are decidedly eligible—right out in a public place. But the Senorita Erazuriz really didn't care a snap of her finger for that. She had returned only a few weeks before from England, where she had gone to school. Besides, she was a young lady who was accustomed to having her own way, and here was one of those times when her own way she insisted on having.

Jack de Saulles was presented. Now, no young man who has brought 30,000 people packed around a stadium to their feet as he sped down the field with a football tucked under his arm should be expected to appear perturbed at being presented to a young lady, but Jack de Saulles was.

Cupid Exceedingly Busy. So confused did he appear that later that evening some of his friends asserted that "Jack must have lost his head in a moment."

Not was Jack's denial any too convincingly strong.

Santiago now lost its charm for De Saulles. It couldn't compare with Valparaiso. The Senorita Erazuriz lived in Valparaiso, so Valparaiso and Vina del Mar saw much of the handsome young American, and quite naturally the Senorita Erazuriz saw him, too.

Troubles began when he found that the few times a week that the custom of the South American country would permit him with propriety to see the young Senorita were far too few. Back at home he might have seen her every afternoon and every evening, too. But not in Chili.

Senorita Erazuriz-Vergara had to tell the impetuous young man that it would never, never do for him to call in the afternoon and then be back early in the evening again. Just think how it looked! When he persisted, the next time he called, the Senorita was out. She had gone to the country club with Juan for the races and the polo game.

Juan was one of the handsomest young men in Valparaiso, very rich, of a very old and very famous family, and how that man could ride!

De Saulles could play football. There never was one who could play better. Baseball, swimming, running, tennis, golf—at all he was more than proficient—but ride, there was one thing he could not do well.

In Generous Rivalry. But De Saulles was game. Even though the Senorita had gone to the country club with Juan to watch Juan ride his own ponies in the races for gentlemen riders and then to see Juan play his opponents completely off their feet in the polo game afterward, it did not follow that he should not go, too. And go he did.

Juan probably never rode better in his life than he did that afternoon. He won both races in which he rode. He scored five goals for his team at polo—and his team only won by a score of 6 to 5—and Juan received his reward. The Senorita applauded louder than all the rest. Once she even stopped right in the midst of listening to the young American and rushed to the rail to cheer on Juan.

"Doesn't he ride splendidly?" she said.

After that, morning after morning, the young American was out at the country club. Some mornings it was 6 o'clock. Never was it later. If Juan's ponies were lively fellows, those that Jack de Saulles rode were enough livelier to make Juan's look slow.

The next big field day at the country club following the one at which Juan had triumphed was three weeks later. Senorita Blanca was there, of course, as the guest of Juan.

And Juan—well, he was so accustomed to winning he was perhaps over-confident. When the entries for the gentlemen riders' races were announced John de Saulles was among those entered to ride. Incidentally, the young American had been named as one of the team to oppose Juan's team.

Juan played like a man possessed, but his team lost the game, and to make matters worse the young American had been the one to cover Juan every minute of the game.

That night Jack de Saulles called on the Senorita Erazuriz-Vergara. Quite formally he asked the delightful Senorita for the hand of her charming daughter. The Senorita was most pleasant, and all that she asked was that the young American wait a few months.

American's Triumph Complete. A week later Senorita Erazuriz-Vergara and the Senorita Blanca sailed for Paris.

For two months De Saulles worked faithfully in his office in Santiago. He had promised to wait a few months. Surely two was a few. So he sailed for Paris.

The Senorita Erazuriz-Vergara was surprised to receive a call one day in Paris from Mr. John de Saulles. The Senorita was delighted, and—well, the wedding of Mr. De Saulles and the Senorita Blanca Erazuriz was celebrated in France on December 14.

And a few days ago there registered at the Hotel Plaza in New York, Mr. and Mrs. John L. de Saulles, a very smiling, very happy and very handsome bride and bridegroom.

It chanced that Mrs. De Saulles had gone shopping when the reporter called at the Plaza. Would Mr. De Saulles allow the reporter to go with him to see his wife? Not for a moment.

"Oh, but you've just got to stay and see her, that's all there is about it," he said. "She's a wonder."

Right to the minute when she said she would return in rushed the bride. She had walked all the way up Fifth avenue from the shopping district. It was Mrs. De Saulles' first trip to New York, and she was disappointed.

Oh, no, not with New York. That she thought about the most wonderful place she had ever dreamed of, but New York's dancing—that's what she didn't like.

"Why I never saw such dancing as they do in New York," said she. "They hop and run and skip and wiggle—oh, it's perfectly absurd. I haven't danced once since I came here, and I had always looked forward to being able to come to New York to dance."

Ingenious Defense Unavailing. Truly oriental is the defense put forward by a prisoner at Allpore. Charged with stealing a Hindoo idol with its ornaments, he stated that the goddess told him in a dream the night before that, as she was not properly worshipped by the Hindoo priest, she would be better taken care of by him, a Mohammedan, and that unless he took charge of her worship she would in her wrath destroy his whole family. The magistrate, however, was not satisfied with the story, and sentenced the accused to two months rigorous imprisonment and to pay a fine of fifty rupees.—Bombay Gazette.

The Bar Sinister. "Some people ought to learn something about heraldry here in Los Angeles," said an old librarian. "There is one commercial house that bears as its arms in its show window and on its stationery the 'bar sinister.' That's an actual fact."

sumption bacillus, and to spread and transmit other germs and molds. These facts, taken in conjunction with the life habits of the insect, lead to the conclusion that the cockroach is able to, and may possibly, play a small part in the spreading of consumption and in the transmission of insect producing organisms; that the insect is in all probability an active agent in the souring of milk kept in kitchens and larders; and that it is undoubtedly an important factor in the distribution of molds to food and to numerous other articles, especially when they are kept in dark cupboards and cellars where cockroaches abound.

Transportation the Main Thing. The power which has controlled the world for all time has been superiority in transportation. Civilization, commerce and empire have always followed. The present generation looks upon the railroad as one of the commonest of conveniences, and has no conception how near we are to its beginning.—Chauncey M. Depew.

Some Useful Hints for the Girl Who Sews

Girls who have been taking domestic science courses at fashionable boarding schools declare that to get along without a variety of dainty aprons is an impossibility, especially if the embryo housekeeper wishes to preserve the fronts of her frocks from spots.

One girl who sews almost as well as she cooks is making several aprons of plain lawn cut into half ovals, scalloped all round with a color and embroidered with washable floss in outline or shadow stitch. By this means she expects to have luncheon pinafores to accord with every house frock—white embroidered with pale blue; pink, mauve or yellow and dark blue; green and brown relieved with white.

Charming little aprons of half oval, half round, diamond or oblong shape are to be made of finest nainsook, scalloped all round and hand embroidered with white in imitation of the work done in the Madeira Islands.

All of the ruffle bordered aprons are fascinating, particularly the round ones which have bowknot and leaf designs embroidered on the lower curve and girde belts which fit firmly, have embroidered fronts and the same model is pretty when the hand embroidery and ruffle are omitted and the hem-stitched edge is finished with an inch wide frill of Valenciennes or Cluny lace.

Bretelle aprons are always coquettish and nearly always become a slender, girlish figure, but they are more difficult to make than pinafores, because the center panel with its square little bib should be carefully curved to fit into the figure at the waist line and on to it should be attached the narrower side panels, which are shaped above the waist into straps crossing the shoulders and then across the top of the back, where they are joined, so that the apron may be adjusted by drawing the bretelle portion over the head and then securing it about the waist with pink, blue or white satin ribbon sashes.

Nearly all of the bretelle aprons have cunning little hip pockets headed with fine muslin embroidery or lace edging to match the bordering of the pinafore, bib and shoulders, and if a girl wishes to make this sort of inch, con apron exceptionally elaborate she may have the bretelles entirely of all over lace and let them run into narrow panels from the waist to the lower edge.

Practical aprons, meaning the sort which are to be put on over the frock when preparing salad dressing and really messy concoctions, are made of striped galatea, percale, gingham or madras, and are put on as easily as is an ulster, for they fasten with flat buttons down the left front from shoulder to hem, have big sewed in sleeves with hand cuffs and a deep patch pocket on each hip. To make one take as a model any narrow skirted, one piece house frock which closes in front, allowing, however, for slightly wider seams and wider shoulders, so that the garment will go over even a velvet frock if desired.

Gloves Are Larger. Golf, tennis and other athletic exercises have caused the hands of girls and women to grow larger than formerly. Despite that fact they still wear the same size gloves. The reason was explained the other day by a dealer in women's gloves. He said that gloves were made to deceive not so much the wearer as the persons who looked at them. The gloves are made in so-called "full sizes," and when a woman asks for a 5½ glove, knowing that her hand is too large to get in it the saleswoman invariably hands her out a 5½ glove, and it always fits.

The extra sizes have been made to please the women and, perhaps, to get their trade. Though young girls who play golf, and who have rather large hands, gloat in the fact that they wear a No. 7 glove, they usually long for smaller sized gloves when they get older, and when they inquire for them in the glove shop they invariably get them.

Odd Taste. Mother (to inquisitive child)—"Stand aside. Don't you see the gentleman wants to take the lady's picture?" "Why does he want to?"—Life.

woman, "until you get something else to do."

"But I couldn't let you lose money like that," cried Hester; "but if ever good fortune comes to me I'm going to remember you, and we'll share."

As she said it Rex's words again came back to her. "When I am king, you shall be queen."

"I had a friend," she said to Mrs. Adams, who had entered her room and was sitting on the bed, "and he always used to say that when he made his fortune he would come and find me. And yesterday I heard from an old school friend, and she says that Rex is right here in this city, and that an invention of his has brought him half a million, and—and—he's forgotten me."

"Did you love him, dearie?" asked the old landlady, softly.

"Yes. We were engaged when we went to school. But his father and mine were ancient enemies and they broke it off. Then Rex went away to school, and father failed and died and I had to go to work, and I came to the city—and found you, dear Mrs. Adams."

"Well, if that Rex of yours knew what he was doing," growled Mrs. Adams, "he'd be hunting you up. You're too frail to work in all kinds of weather. He won't be finding you at all if he don't look out."

"Oh, I'm not really ill, Mrs. Adams," said Hester, cheerfully, and then she began to dress. "O, I really must go," she said when Mrs. Adams expostulated.

Through the white drifts Hester plowed her weary way. Her frail body, breasting the wind, seemed beaten back and bruised by the heavy blasts. Her cheeks, pink at first with the sharpness of the cold, grew white, and her lips were blue.

"I'm afraid I can't go on," she said to herself.

A policeman at the corner helped her over a ditch. "You'd better get into a drug store and get something hot, miss," he advised. "You look as if you were half frozen."

Hester tried to laugh. "I shall get on all right," she said, and was too proud to tell him that she dared not spend 10 cents.

She struggled on for a half dozen blocks, and saw ahead of her only a weary waste of snow. Far downtown they were probably clearing the sidewalks, but out in this residential section no attack was being made on the drifts.

Hester turned from the side street into a wide avenue, lined on each side by brownstone mansions. Here she found the walking better, and shivering, breathless, she sped on her way.

"If it only wasn't so far," she said to herself, desperately. She stopped for a moment to fasten her coat more closely about her. A red limousine stood at the curbstone and a chauffeur in a fur cape and gloves waited for the man who was descending the steps of an imposing mansion.

The opium traffic from India into China is to be decreased gradually until 1917, when it will cease entirely.

Fichus continue to be fashionable. Tulle either plain or fringed, is the favorite material for making these pretty, cloud-like trappings. They are used frequently to trim negligees of crepe de chine or soft satin.

Evening Wraps. While evening wraps are handsome in every way, their very grandeur makes them difficult to wear. To carry off the garment well, therefore, one must be very tall or at least erect in bearing, majestic without stiffness. So it is the woman who sets off the garment and shows its good points, and I may say its cost since the materials employed naturally make the price high. But high price does not seem to make things prohibitive this winter, for never were women better dressed and never did raiment in every department cost as dear. It is with everything, hats, plumes, silks, linings, furs, handwork and embroidery of every kind.

The liking for glowing red tones is evidenced in the newest gowns from Paris.

Pearl decorations have a wonderful popularity; they "belong" everywhere.

First hats for spring are either small and close or large and high trimmed.

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"When I Am King"

By Virginia Blair
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Hester, looking out upon the whirling flakes, thought of that summer morning long ago, when Rex had sung to her the old nursery song:

"Lavender's blue, diddle-diddle, lavender's green,
"When I am king, diddle-diddle, you shall be queen!"

She mused sadly on that promise. Somewhere far away, Rex was living in luxury, but he had forgotten the playmate of his boyhood's days—

"When I am king, diddle-diddle, you shall be queen!"

She found herself humming the quaint tune as she prepared her frugal supper. She was too tired to toast the bread so she ate it dry, with a cup of tea. Then she went to bed and lay awake in the moonlight, wondering how she should get through the next day in the weary workroom downtown.

Then, mercifully, sleep came to her, and dreams.

She waked to find the world so white that she seemed in a dream city and wondered if she still slept.

From the regions below her landlady called.

"You can't get downtown. The cars aren't running. You just wait and have breakfast with me."

"O, I can't, thank you," Hester answered over the stair railing. "I must go, if I have to walk."

Mrs. Adams came puffing up to the top floor. "Well you just can't walk, and I'm going to bring you up some breakfast. We had griddle cakes this morning, and I'll bake a plate of piping hot hot ones, and you stay in bed and rest for once in your life."

"You are so good," said Hester, gratefully, "but if I don't get down this morning I may lose my place, and then what would I do?"

"You know you're welcome to keep your room, honey," said the good

woman, "until you get something else to do."

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Hester gave one look from man to master, then fled, stumbling, gasping.

"It was Rex," she said to her heart, wildly. "O, he mustn't see me. He mustn't see me."

But he had seen her. "Hester! Hester!" he was calling. She felt consumed with shame that he should see her thus.

But he was beside her, eager, expostulating.

"Hester, dear girl," he said, with his hand on her arm, and she stopped and turned to him, and when she saw the frankly adoring look in his eyes she broke down and cried.

"You poor little thing, you poor little thing," he said. "At last I have found you."

He made her lean on his arm.

"I'm going to take you home," said Rex, briefly, "but first we've got to get something to warm you up. I can't invite you in there, with a nod of his head toward the house, "because it's a man's club. But there's a tea room at the corner."

Hester ate little. It was enough for her to bask in the comfort of Rex's presence, and the color came back to her cheeks and the light into her eyes, as he talked to her.

"I've hunted everywhere for you," he said. "Nobody seemed to know your address. They told me you were in New York and that was all."

"I wouldn't let that know," said Hester. "I told her to tell you."

"Vera?" he asked, and as she nodded she saw his eyes grow hard, but it was not until long after that he told her that her trusted school friend had tried to win him for herself, and that she had withheld the address of his former sweetheart.

Kind Mrs. Adams, deep in the mysteries of Friday's cleaning, was startled by the sound of an automobile horn at the front door.

Hester came in beaming.

"It's Rex," she said, "and Rex, this is dear Mrs. Adams. She has been so kind to me."

It was a wonderful talk that followed. Rex insisted that tired, economical Mrs. Adams should give up her poor old lodging house and come and be housekeeper for himself and Hester. He intended to buy a big country place, he said, and there would be many servants to manage. Did Mrs. Adams think she could?

And Mrs. Adams wept tears of joy. "I told you you should be queen," Rex said to Hester that night, "and while I can't give you a real throne, dearest, you shall reign in my heart forever."

JAPS BORROW FROM THE WEST

Modern Methods of Fighting Fire Now in Use in Tokyo and Yokohama.

Fires used to be regarded as necessary evils in Japan. Conflagrations which swept through whole quarters, leaving up the flimsy houses like waste paper, were mere commonplaces of existence there. But the increased value of modern structures has made it imperative to improve the fire-fighting systems.

In Yokohama the apparatus is owned and the firemen are paid by the association of fire insurance companies. In Tokyo it is owned by the city. There are 47 watch towers in Yokohama, each fitted with a gong with which fire alarms are given. At night, says Consular and Trade Reports, watchmen are kept on two of these towers, who give the alarm by gongs in case fire is discovered. In Tokyo the tower system is also used for both fire and police alarms. The city is divided into seven districts, each having a central alarm station.

About 290 machines record the alarms upon ticker tape at the different towers and police alarm stations.

The water pressure in the lower portion and in the Japanese quarter of Yokohama is from 30 to 40 pounds per square inch, but in the upper residential section, where there is much valuable property, the pressure is almost nil. In Tokyo the situation is much more satisfactory. There are nearly 5,000 water plugs in the city and the average pressure is 44 pounds to the square inch.

The coolies who assist in time of fire in Yokohama are paid an average of four cents, American currency, an hour. The regular staff of firemen and watchmen receive an average of \$7.47 a month. The coolies in Tokyo receive about 85 cents a day, when called for fire duty, and the regular firemen \$6.47 a month.

In Tokyo there is also a guild that is subject to being called out for fire duty. In Yokohama there have been 347 fires in the past five years, which destroyed \$1,390,147 worth of property. In Tokyo the number of fires in the same period was 2,717, with a loss of \$3,594,293.

Straw He Couldn't Catch. She led the bashful one into the conservatory, where the strains from the Blue Stomach band floated out to them, and the creepers crept coyly over the rockery, and even the goldfish seemed to bubble with love. She led him to two chairs—those same two chairs which had sealed the future of thousands.

"I am afraid," said the bashful one furtively, after she had led him farther still, "that your father would hardly give his consent."

"My father is always willing to listen to reason," she urged.

"But your mother—"

"Absolutely dotes on you, George."

"My yes, but you would never get on with my own people, I'm certain."

"Why, dear, I simply love them!"

"And, of course, my income is small."

"Luxury," she cried, clasping her hands, "has ceased to possess charms for me! I think it would be heavenly to have a cozy little cottage, where I could do all the cooking myself."

"Well, confound it, then," he exclaimed, "let's get married!"

Great System. "This winter air is nice and fresh," said the bashful one.